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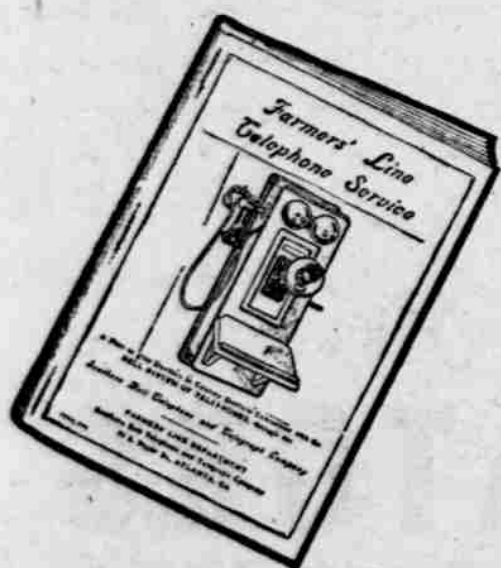
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YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

(New York Sun.)

Although the youngest soldier was killed every day or so during the Civil War, and after its close the newspapers would record his death every week or two, a thousand or more of him very much alive, assembled on the field at Gettysburg at the recent reunion of the Blue and the Gray and exchanged reminiscences. Among all these candidates for the distinction who was really the youngest participant in the Civil War? Unfortunately his identification seems a practical impossibility unless the narrator of the following incidents is entitled to the honor, as he believes himself to be.

Half a dozen youngish old men were seated around a table in the cafe of a Broadway hotel discussing the Gettysburg reunion and the war of the '60s generally. Five of them had attended the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

"I suppose," remarked the sixth member of the group, flicking the ashes from his cigar, "that I was entitled to have participated in glorifying the soldiers of the North and South on the Gettysburg field, for I was a soldier too in '63, although I was only 8 years old."

"What!"

His five companions chorused this ejaculation in such tones that people at the other tables looked around. "Don't get excited, gentlemen," calmly said the speaker, who had provoked the verbal explosion.

"I am not offended at your incredulity. I expected it. If you will permit me I will tell you how and why I am led to conclude that I was the first and last the only real baby combatant."

"As I have only my memory to draw upon," he went on, "I cannot give the precise date of the occurrence which made me a fighting soldier when only 8 years old."

"I was living at Bay St. Louis, Miss., on the gulf coast, fifty-two miles from New Orleans, when that city was evacuated by the Confederates. Having been born in February, 1855, I was only 7 years old when that event occurred, and, of course, only 8 years old the following Spring."

"For a year or more after the fall of New Orleans there would be stationed at Bay St. Louis for short periods a company or two of Confederate cavalry. These companies as a rule, were part of Col. Sibley's regiment. This was an Alabama regiment, but several of the officers were old friends or acquaintances of members of my family. The officers frequently came to our house for dinner—they providing most of the fare, of course, as our larder was empty—and in that way I became known to most of them."

"That is how I got to know Lieut. Hardy, and how he took a fancy to me. His home was somewhere in the interior of Alabama, and for all I know he may be living now and may read this account of an incident long since forgotten by him. When the Lieutenant was not at our house I would be somewhere near his tent in camp in a ravine a quarter of a mile from the shore. The young officer was extremely fond of soft shell crabs and I kept his mess supplied with them. In return for this attention he would lend me a carbine, with which I usually brought down enough squirrels to supply our home table."

Confederate Navy Gone.

"The last vestige of the Confederate navy had vanished from the gulf and Mississippi Sound, and whenever a sailing vessel as large as a schooner or a steamboat appeared off the coast we knew she had armed Yankees aboard, and began hiding the silver. One fair day—I think it was in May or June—I was in camp with Lieut. Hardy. He was alone, with the exception of an orderly named Stevens. Lieut. Hardy was not well, had rheumatism or something. I recollect he was limping painfully and had been left in the care of the orderly sergeant."

"Serg. Stevens had gone fishing that morning and the Lieutenant and I were getting impatient, as it was almost noon, and there was nothing for dinner except some corn pone and cold coffee made of burnt sweet potato and parched corn. It was just noon by the sun. I remember distinctly when Stevens came running up and breathlessly dropped a bunch of croakers in the little brook by which the Lieutenant and I sat. He saluted and jerked out:

"High pressure steamboat black with Yankees coming to anchor about a mile up the road!"

"The Lieutenant's horse was about twenty yards off and I was on his back before I slipped off the halter and bridled him as I galloped to the tent to which the officer had hobbled in order to arm himself. I was about to slip off the animal's back but Lieut. Hardy told me to stay where I was. Then he handed me a carbine. Stevens had galloped up by this time, armed with carbine and a pair of holstered revolvers. The Lieutenant strapped a big navy six around his waist, a weapon he had acquired during or after some previous encounter with the enemy, and with the assistance of Stevens he straddled the horse in front of me."

A Big Sternwheeler.

"We rode out of the glen where camp was pitched to the shell road that skirted around on a bluff back of a fine white sand beach in order to locate the enemy. There, just as the sergeant had said, about a mile distant in the direction of New Orleans and another mile from the beach, was a big sternwheeler like those in the Red River and the Ouachita trade. She was swarming with men and in the clear, bright sunlight we could see them preparing to lower the small boats."

"A—," the Lieutenant said to me, "do you know the way back to where they are lying?"

"Course I do," I replied.

"Then you get around here in front and we'll have some fun."

"I slid off the horse's crupper and

with the Lieutenant's assistance scrambled up to where the pommel of the saddle would have been. I had had hunted huckleberries and chinquapens all over those woods and had sneaked into the back yards and gardens after watermelons and oranges, so I had no trouble in locating the gunboat, as I called her, opposite the Yure place. We turned in toward the Sound back of the Yure place and I discovered that I had miscalculated by about 500 yards. All the houses had wharves running out about 300 yards into the water, with a bathhouse at the far end.

"The shell road ended opposite to where we stood and a sand road ran lumpy and crookedly for about a quarter of a mile farther, ending at the bank of a marsh bayou. The Yankees had two boatloads of men at the wharf of the last house along the road and more were coming. They were all negroes, it seemed."

"Back of us the first house was one that had just been completed when New Orleans fell and had never been furnished or occupied. We hitched the two horses in a clump of cedars and went into the house through the back door, which was unlocked."

Surprise the Yankees.

"Lieut. Hardy led the way into a room with three windows that faced the shell road. He took the middle window, with me on the right and Stevens on the left next to the road. What in the world those Yankees expected to find out there I have never been able even to surmise. Not a soul lived within a mile and a half and there was nothing worth confiscating. But there they were, about 500 of them, it appeared to me, in a long straggling line from the end of the shell road to the bath house on the wharf. They were too far off for effective work with our carbines, but I had mine resting on the window sill and was sighting straight at the brass buttons on a big black man's chest."

"Don't shoot until I say fire!" warned Lieut. Hardy.

"In a few moments—it might have been half an hour, for all the reckoning of time that I was capable of taking—they came marching straight toward us, four abreast, a blue and brass line that loomed up like a column of gigantic Ot-ellos."

"Sergeant," whispered the Lieutenant, "you take the man on the right and A—, you plug that big fellow on the left."

"The officers were still forming them into line under the trees while the first file marched off toward us, taking advantage of the shade and the shell road, the sand being too deep and hot further along. They may have come there for drilling purposes, as their marching showed them to be raw recruits, but fifty-odd miles was a long way to a drill ground. They were not more than seventy-five yards off when the order came to fire. I heard only two reports, almost together, and saw two men plunge forward to the road. There was no answering fire, and we were out of the room and halfway to the horses when I looked back and saw the black troops plunging madly through the sand to the wharf and out to the boats."

The Enemy Is Routed.

"We didn't know what might happen, though, and did not stop until we were at the point from which we located the steamboat. There in security we watched the enemy scrambling out of the small boats that had not capsized in the mad rout. Hundreds of men were in the water and some must have drowned, although only one body was washed ashore so far as I ever heard. There was only a shot apiece in the carbines, but we certainly did do effective work in the fighting line. I had missed my man, I was convinced, and was very much ashamed and mortified in consequence."

"It was fully three-quarters of an hour after we had left the scene that the steamboat, which was armed with several cannon, opened fire on the empty house from which the blacks had been ambushed. The bombardment was kept up for two hours or more, but only two or three shots took effect upon the house. We boys at the bay subsequently found a couple of cartloads of cannon balls imbedded in the sandy bluff."

"One of us must have only wounded his man," generously commented Lieut. Hardy, when we finally sat down to the fish Stevens had caught and he had noticed how depressed I was."

"The Yankees never tried to recover the bodies of the dead men, and they were buried by the people of the bay."

"It was in 1887, nearly a quarter of a century later, that I was night city editor of a New York morning newspaper, when one night the makeup man handed me a note written on proof paper saying one of the printers had asked him to hand it to me. This was the note as I recollect it:

"I would like to see you after work about Bay St. Louis in '63."

Stevens Turns Up.

"It was signed 'Stevens,' with two initials I have forgotten. It recalled nothing to me, and, as we had to boil down matter for a twelve-page paper into one of six pages, I had no time to puzzle over it and dismissed the note from my mind."

"Therefore, when I was accosted the foot of the stairs at about 2:45 a. m. by a grizzled and shabby individual who called himself Stevens, I was at first nonplussed. We went into a saloon across the street, and over the glass of beer the old printer told me this story:

"I am Sergt. Stevens, who, with you and Lieut. Hardy, licked a regiment of nigger Yankees at Bay St. Louis in 1863. Of course you remember it, but you don't know the facts. I owe you an apology, and I am glad to have the chance to make it."

"I was 24 years old then, and may be you recollect how I used to show you how to put a carbine bullet through the head of a running squirrel. I prided myself on my marksmanship, and that was why I did not say anything at the time about my gun having missed fire when you and Hardy plugged the colored troops."

"Yes, sir, that's the honest truth."

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The cap, the old percussion kind, you remember, failed to explode, and the bullet that should have got a third Yankee was in the carbine when I overhauled it that evening. So, as you and the Lieutenant were the only ones to fire, and as there were two darkies killed, you must have got one of them."

"I never saw Stevens after that morning. He had been subbing for the regular men in the office, and when he got his pay that afternoon he resumed his wandering."

"You win!" said each of the five listeners, shaking his hand in turn. Then they called the waiter.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, the hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

(April) (adv)

"Let's kiss and make up," said S. Rignella, in New York, after being called down by a movie show usher. The usher cracked Rignella's skull with an iron bar when the latter seized him and bit his lip.

Is Sickness A Sin?

A Sin of Commission or a Sin of Omission? Or Both? We transgress Nature's laws, the liver strikes, then we omit or neglect until we ache or sicken. Loosen the dammed-up bile. Keep it loose with the old time-true May Apple Root (Podophyllin). Podophyllin with the gripe taken out is called

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Rejected Manuscript. Answer to Correspondent.—We have no space for your story, "R. A. W.," it reminds us of the North Country bill posting candidate who implored the local public to stick up for him because he had stuck up for them.—London Globe.

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April (adv)

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Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.
Bath, Owingsville, 2d Monday.
Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.
Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.
Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.
Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.
Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.
Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.
Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.
Garrard, Lancaster, 2d Monday.
Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.
Harrison, Cynthiana, 4th Monday.
Henry, Newcastles, 1st Monday.
Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.
Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
Lincoln, Stanford, 2d Monday.
Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.
Mason, Maysville, 1st Monday.
Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.
Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.

Nicholas, Carlisle, 2d Monday.
Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.
Owen, Owen, 4th Monday.
Pendleton, Falmouth, 1st Monday.
Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.
Pulaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.
Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.
Shelby, Shelbyville, 2d Monday.
Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.
Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.

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